

AN' 8 MORE
PAGES, TOO!..



—the MOUNTAIN—

ECHOES

Sept - Oct





the MOUNTAIN ECHOES



ADMINISTRATION

F.S. Harris Warden

S. Scrutten Asst. Warden (A & O)

R. Thompson Asst. Warden (S & S)

H.J. Wickey Deputy Warden

B. Thorgrimson Liaison

EDITOR

Don Hambleton

ASSOC. EDITOR

Ralph Danton

SPORTS EDITOR

Joe Hayden



WRITERS

Christy Brown

Tom Girdle

David McLennan

Jack Wannop

Phil Boily

Ed Jenik

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STIRTISTICS:

High Number	- - - - -	8372
Low Number	- - - - -	4739
Received	- - - - -	23
Transferred In	- - - - -	1
Discharged	- - - - -	15
Paroled	- - - - -	3
Escapes	- - - - -	2
Deported	- - - - -	1
Population	- - - - -	420

THE JOY OF BEING A PENAL EDITOR

Getting out this prison publication is no picnic.

- If we print jokes, people say we are silly.
- If we stick close to the office, we ought to be out visiting in the population more.
- If we go out, we ought to be in the office improving our editing.
- If we reject some contributed material, we do not appreciate genius.
- If we do, the paper is filled with trivial matter.
- If we edit the contributed articles, we're too critical.
- If we don't, we're asleep!
- If we give much news to officials, the inmates say we're con-wise.
- If we devote the entire issue to inmates, we're neglecting our public relations policy.
- If we carry material reporting other institutions, we are neglecting our own.
- If we comment on controversial issues, we should be objective.
- If we don't, we're dodging the issue.
- If we reprint from other papers, we are too lazy to solicit our own material.
- If we don't, we are stuck with our own horrible stuff.

Now, likely as not, someone will say we stole this from some other paper.

WELL, WE DID!

Prison is a

TIME MACHINE

and . . .

It grinds out time slowly — second by second. Sometimes the machine grinds out minutes, but it never runs really fast. On the other hand, sometimes it runs slower than usual. And sometimes it breaks down temporarily and doesn't grind out any time at all — not seconds, not minutes, nothing. The machine just sits there and you look at it and you study it and you worry about all the time that is being lost because it isn't producing.

And you know without anyone telling you that it's your own fault that the machine stopped, yet you don't know how to start it, nor how to operate it when it is running so that maybe you could speed it up. You don't know. Nobody knows. It's like trying to go to sleep. The harder you try the more impossible it becomes. It has to begin subtly without your being conscious of it, then all of a sudden the gears mesh and the wheels slowly and steadily begin to revolve in their monotonous circles. Circles like clock faces without hands, and with a strange system of numbers, one of which is yours. You know your number, of course, but, you can't relate it to the operation of the machine. You know that there is a time element involved and that eventually the machine will have finished with your number; that your number is in the machine simply because it IS your number; and, if nothing else, that your mortality alone will terminate the use of your number.

You have often wondered about this and why you should have a numerical link with this super-sensitive and yet, unfeeling machine. And wondered how this nightmarish condition came into existence and who brought you two together—the powerless lone human and the clanging, ringing, thudding, pounding, whirling stone and steel monster that demands so much raw material to produce tiny, minute, almost microscopic, ugly little seconds.

In some vague way you feel dependant on the machine for something you are expecting. Something in the future. In the future that the machine alone can bring. And that frustrates you. It rankles your temper and frays your nerves and you can taste the acid of hate as you watch the indifferent progress of the machine to this expectant future. The niggling, petty, creeping, oozing, drop by drop, peristaltic convulsion that you are forced to believe and hope is some sort of progress.

Unreasonably, you'd like to smash the machine. Destroy it and be rid of it despite your unwilling dependence on it. Sometimes any end seems better, more desirable than this never never land, this limbo. But it's been tried and you know all about it. The machine can't be destroyed, not totally. It just breaks down temporarily and this can become worse than the maddening, barely noticeable movement it makes if it is left alone.

Then you begin to realize it and the dulling, leaden truth smothers you.
The time machine is a prison.

— Ralph Danton

It is my humble opinion that the Habitual Act is the most cruel; the most inhuman; the most illogicle Act in the Criminal Code. Because, who can really say when a man is incorrigible and past redemption? Who can in fact judge another man's actions? Certainly no Judicial Body has the equipment or the ability for finding the true value of any man. For there is some good in the worst of men and some bad in the best of men.

The Criminal Code provides sufficiently severe penalties for the infraction of any law, without resorting to a contradictory Act, by placing a man in double Jeopardy by employing the very fact that the man has previously paid his debt to society for any previous infractions of the law, as evidence to covict him as a Habitual Criminal.

In order to portray the facts, I wish to refer to section 660 of the Criminal Code of Canada, S.C. 1953-54, Cap. 51. This section is referred to as the Habitual Criminal Act, and states as follows;

(1) Where an accused is convicted of an indictable offence, the court may, upon application, impose sentence of preventative detention in addition to any sentence that is imposed for the offence of which he is convicted, if:

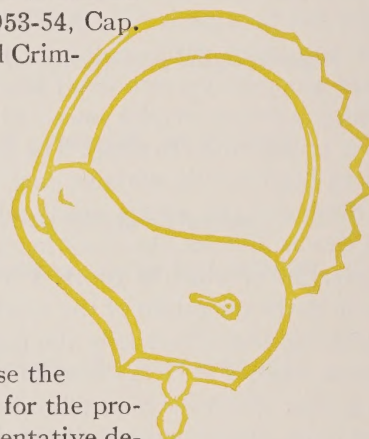
(a) The accused is found to be a habitual criminal, and

(b) The court is of the opinion that because the accused is a habitual criminal, it is expedient for the protection of the public to sentence him to preventative detention.

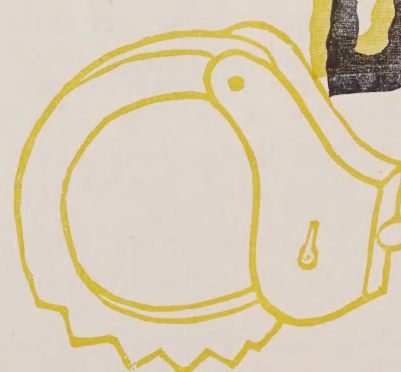
(2) For the purposes of subsection

(1) an accused is a habitual criminal if

(a) He has previously, since attaining the age of eighteen, on at least three separate and independent occasions been convicted of



DOUBLE



**How the HABITUAL
CRIMINAL ACT conflicts
with the BILL OF RIGHTS**

an indictable offence of which he is liable to imprisonment for five years or more and leading persistently a criminal life, or

(b) He has previously been sentenced to preventative detention.

In order to proceed with the formality of the charge under the Habitual Criminal Act, it becomes necessary for the police who arrested the accused person on another charge, to apply to the Attorney-General of the province in which the accused is to be tried, for leave or consent to proceed with the Habitual charge. If the Attorney-General grants his consent then the police turn the matter over to the Crown Attorney or prosecutor, who then proceeds with the formalities. And not less than seven days before the accused is to appear for trial on the original charge on which he was arrested, he receives a notice which is in the approximate form as follows:

"And whereas the Honorable the Attorney-General of the province of Manitoba on the 5th. day of January in the

imposed upon you for the offence of which you may have been convicted as aforesaid;

This is therefore to give you notice that, if you shall be convicted at the said assizes upon the said charges, an application will be made to the court to impose upon you a sentence of preventative detention in addition to any sentence imposed for the offence of which you may be convicted as aforesaid, and that said application will be made on the grounds following, namely:

In proof that

(a) You are a Habitual Criminal, and

(b) That because you are a Habitual Criminal, it is expedient for the protection of the public to sentence you to preventative detention. The following grounds will be submitted to the court and proof made thereof, namely:

(1) That you have previously, since attaining the age of eighteen years, on at least three separate and independent occasions been convicted of an indictable offence for which you were liable to imprisonment for five years or more,

JEOPARDY

year of our Lord 1959, gave and signed his consent that if the said John Doe, shall be convicted of the said offence at the Winter Assizes, an application may be made to the court to impose upon you a sentence of preventative detention in addition to any sentence that is

and

(2) That you are leading persistently a criminal life.

Evidence will be submitted to the court that from the year of our Lord, 1949, you have been and are now leading persistently a criminal life; that you

are and have been an habitual associate of thieves, burglars, bank robbers, drug addicts and criminal traffickers in drugs; that you have no regular employment or honest occupation; that you have already been convicted of possessing narcotics drugs on three separate and independent occasions—in 1949, 1953 and 1955.

Respecting your associations, evidence will be submitted to establish that from the time you were released from prison in 1957 until your arrest on December 22nd., 1959, (on the charge of possessing drugs for which you now stand committed for trial) you associated with the following persons, and met with most of them on numerous occasions during that period namely; George Doe, who has a criminal record and is known to be a thief; William Doe, who has been convicted of burglary and has a criminal record; Peter Doe, who has been convicted of breaking and entering and who has a criminal record, etc., etc.”

Professor G.V.V. Nickols, of the law faculty at the Dalhousie University has said, “The courts must be allowed to suffer the scrutiny and outspoken comments of the common man. No wrong is committed in criticizing the courts, both in private and public, provided the criticism is made in good faith and the critics abstain from imputing improper motives to those taking part in the administration of justice. Judges are human like the rest of us and elevation to the bench confers on the recipient no immunity from the possibility of error.”

A Toronto lawyer who is interested in legal reform, states flatly: “If people don’t criticize the courts, the courts become worst and fall into disrepute. Constructive, intelligent criticism doesn’t mean less respect for the judiciary.”

With this advice foremost in mind, it is on the basis of constructive criticism that I now wish to analyze and assess this Habitual Act, and the process of applying it. I will endeavour to point out where this Act does infringe on fundamental rights and freedoms.

By the very wording of the Habitual Act, and the process involved—symbolized by a trial—to prove a man guilty of being a habitual criminal obviously reflects the retributive theory of justice, whereby it is erroneously assumed, that severe penalties are necessary if only to uphold the moral law. The argument appears to be that severe punishment cannot be dispensed with because social balance requires the gratification of the need for vengeance.

Or they assert that we must punish to deter potential criminals. By this so called deterrence theory which, through rationalization, attempts or seeks to justify the amount of severe punishment meted out as a means of preserving the public order. By imprisoning the criminal, it is contended we deter others from committing crimes. But the government statistics of 80% recidivism does not support any such theories.

Further, by wording the Act, society is admitting that the three previous convictions and imprisonment, referred to in the Act, for transgressions for which they have received retribution, has failed to reform the man now being charged as a Habitual Criminal, Society is admitting that the system of imprisonment has fed the cause it meant to cure. Society is admitting that imprisonment is not a deterrent to crime. Society is admitting guilt in failure of the system of retribution, and to camouflage this guilt, they resort to an arbitrary act. They are in fact indirectly saying: “because we have failed to re-

form you on three previous occasions, you have become an undesirable and obnoxious person, we are going to imprison you for life so that you cannot embarrass us any more because our prisons have failed to become a panacea for crime. Although we have failed, we are nevertheless going to imprison you again in the same place that failed to reform you."

This Habitual Criminal Act is an obvious form of revenge, and only primitive people take revenge. This Act is contrary to the Concept of true justice, because, it is logical to assume that justice can be based on a betrayal and a denial of the truth. And the truth is, that it is unjust by reason of discrimination; and is a direct contravention of the Bill of Rights and all the rights and freedoms enumerated therein.

I now wish to examine this Bill of Rights and endeavour to analyze its value. It is my humble opinion that it is not so much of a problem to interpret the Bill as it is to determine where it conflicts with, and therefore supercedes the Habitual Act. This Bill of Rights is a statement of values; values expressed in terms of law. It sets up a rule for the courts to apply to all acts past, present and future. Where existing statutes are in conflict with the Bill of Rights, the courts are expected to hold the Bill paramount.

At the second reading of this bill in the House of Commons (July 7th. or 8th., 1960) it is reported, the Prime Minister, the Honorable John Diefenbaker said: "In future, all laws would have to be interpreted by the courts in such a way as to assure the freedoms mentioned in this Bill of Rights. This Bill of Rights is superimposed upon every Act and every regulation of the Parliament of Canada. There is no law

of the Parliament of Canada that is subject to this Bill of Rights."

I will now refer to the first paragraph of the preamble of the Bill of Rights, it states and declares: "The Parliament of Canada, affirming that the Canadian Nation is founded upon principles that acknowledge the supremacy of God, the dignity and worth of the human person and the position of the family in a society of free men and free institutions."

Having reference to the Interpretation Act, Section 14 provides: "The preamble of every Act shall be deemed a part thereof, intended to assist in explaining the purport and object of the Act."

It follows then that the above preamble and the declarations therein are a part of the Bill of Rights.

The courts throughout Canada use the Bible, the word of the Almighty Judge, upon which to base the truth declared by a witness under oath. By acknowledging the supremacy of God, it follows then that the courts must also acknowledge that God's law takes precedence over the laws of man. While the courts use the word of God for one purpose, it appears that they reverse their actions and disregard and violate that same word of God, when imposing cruel and vengeful sentences for the infraction of man's law. The supreme law states: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." (Romans 12: 19)

"See that no man render evil for evil unto any man, but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men." (Thessalonians 5:15)

"You have heard that it hath been said to them of old; an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you resist not evil with evil." (Matt. 5:38,39)

(continued on page twenty six)

You won't believe it happened this way, but believe me it did. Happened exactly this way, right here in this prison.

One day last summer me and two other guys were sitting down there near the handball courts talking. We were

guy walking toward me from the door of the bank. I smelled him — all cops put out an odor you know. I ran. I left the bank, the cop, and the old pencil seller far behind. The next day I left El Paso far behind, too.

I've never been able to think about

TESTIMONY

batting the breeze about broads — nice round fully-packed ones — and bills — long green, big numbered ones. Well Bill, my buddy, happened to make a crack about El Paso and it brought up some pictures in my mind. Memory pictures about some good times I had in that town. Also, one other picture came into focus. It was the picture of a little old woman who was sitting outside the bank in El Paso selling pencils.

I had just gone into the bank to pick up some blank counter-checks to use as bases for my little printing press. I was going to print some phoney company names on them and push them there.

Well, this little old lady was sitting there selling pencils and I stopped and gave her a buck — I'm partial to old broads, poor kind especially — I guess they remind me of my mother or something. Anyway the old gal looked up at me and said, "Son, a Pink's following you — Run, run into God's arms, son!"

I glanced over my shoulder and saw a

El Paso without thinking about the old gal who told me to run. Funny thing, though, her words about where to run kinda puzzled me until that day down by the handball courts.

Bill and I was talking and thinking about El Paso when this other guy walked up and stopped.

"Heard you talking about El Paso. Either you guys from there?"

I answered, "Naw, man, just went through that's all."

"Yeh? Well I'm from El Paso — born reared, and ruined there," he replied.

We let him join our talk-fest and after a while I asked him what I had wanted to ask somebody from El Paso for a long time.

I asked him did he know the old lady who sold pencils outside a certain bank.

"Sure, man, everybody knows Mattie Dear. She's a great gal — a religious fanatic, though."

"What do you mean, 'a religious fanatic'?" Bill wanted to know.

“Well, she’s got a guy — a preacher — who works with her. He stands inside the bank door and anytime somebody gives Mattie a big tip, a dollar or more, she tells the tipper to run, that a cop’s following him. She tells the tipper to run into the arms of the Lord!”

I just sat there and stared at the guy from El Paso.

“... Well, those that ain’t hot, they just mark Mattie off as some kind of bug, and those that is hot run like hell!”

I had to know, so I asked: “Why? Why does she do it that way; I mean why doesn’t she just preach or something?”

“How the devil do I know? Like I said, she’s just off her rocker, I guess. I got a suspicion though that she knows a

lot about guys like you and me. I think she knows us criminal cats are naturally sympathetic slobs — we tip heavy. Also, she knows we’re scared of cops. She knows we can’t be preached to, so she puts herself out there on the street, scares us, and prays we’ll run to God!”

I had some thoughts, but I kept them to myself.

One day, a few weeks later a traveling Evangelist preached at the Sunday services. He said that he was from Texas and that he was once a sinful criminal who was running away from the law. He told how a little old lady who sold pencils outside a bank in El Paso “directed”

him to Christ. He didn’t go into detail — I know the details. □

by
lingo
boles

The old lady told
him to run ...
The question was
... WHERE?



Tony Sawchuk, who boasts the same physical measurements as Steve Reeves (Hercules), only maybe distributed a bit differently, like a 46 inch waist and a 32 inch chest, says: "Mountain Echoes is the livest rag I ever read. It bites me every time I try to put it down!" **Phil Boily**, on the other hand, boasts nary a tooth mark. "It's lousy," says Phil... Judging from the way **Georgie**

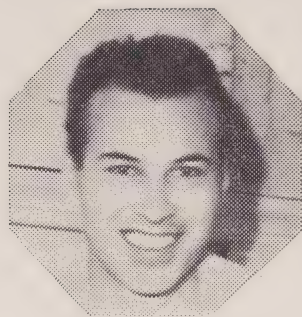


Mitchell shimmied up the greasy pole on July 1st, there's just a bare chance that a stray limb on his family tree might have occupied a chimpanzee... In case you didn't know, the convict word for sandwich is "lump". Don't know how or where the term originated, but after catching a glimpse of some of the head chef's offerings, we'd say the expression suits... And speaking of lumps, don't be misled by the beaut perched upon the shoulders of Ye olde Editor. Actually it's his head... To Sawbuck Lou: Stony has a baseball team similar to the one you mentioned. They call themselves the 'Cannibals'. Their motto: "If you can't beat 'em, eat 'em!".. Knitting socks is one thing **Vic Seibel**, but doily's ??? When '**Society**' **Nick McDonald** operates a tractor, about the only safe place for a pedestrian is on the road; which Nick, due to his mechanical genius manages to avoid... **Dave**

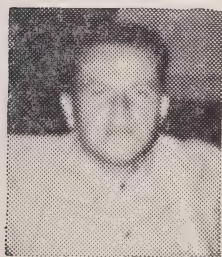
McLennan has some interesting views regarding the Eichmann case. Unfortunately, freedom of the press doesn't apply in here. We can't print them... Will some kind soul inform visitors of Mr. Belanger that the man don't live here anymore, and that the office formerly occupied by same is now the Echoes lair. We're getting a bit tired of directing traffic around here... The way **Mallie** took to those puddles in the yard after the recent rains, we've a sneaky suspicion that his feet are slightly webbed... Members of the not-too-rigid-wrist set seem to be thinning out. It's getting so a movie is actually watched these days... One near sighted soul mistook **Glendenning** for a carpet recently; stomped all over the poor guy... **Harry the Horse** making like Gussie Moran on the local tennis court... An anonymous(?) admirer sent **Art Nabiss** a poem a few weeks back; as a token of his esteem, we understand. The poem: Roses are red... cabbage is green... Your head is shaped... like a washing machine... **Tinny Lahoski** exercising his vocal chords to the



Party Line



melodic strains of Taffy, er Tammy ... Shortly before C.J. O.B. aired the results of the second race from the Downs a few weeks back, happened to overhear a conversation between **Stan Nash** and **Jim McCulloch**. Went something like— Stan: "How'd that hayburner o' mine make out in the first?" Jim: (After a brief pause) "Well, if the nag don't break a leg, he's got a helluva good chance of placing *in the second!*" . . From Marquette (Michigan-type) comes the story of the avid baseball fan who was persuaded to go to a racetrack and place a \$2 wager. As his horse, a 50 to 1 shot, came barrelling down the stretch neck-and-neck with the favorite, our fan (Brooklyn-type) was heard to yell: "Slide, yuh bum! Slide!" (Courtesy the Presidio) . . Can anyone recall seeing **Red Saunders** when the guy didn't have a stogie in his mouth ???



Why does everyone call the Leanster who toils in the Library 'Perry' ??? A tip of our hat to James Coyne who proved conclusively (at least to our way of thinking) that principles take a back seat where politics are concerned. What sours us is that we never thought of entering into politics ourselves; have all the necessary qualifications—no scruples! . . Despite the resemblance, the four-legged little critter pictured below is NOT our old pal **Jackson Wannop**. Actually it's a 'talking' skunk, and (from all reports) a source of

much annoyance around the TV area these evenings ... **Ray Merasty** sportin' a bandaged paw. Seems Ray substituted his finger for a nail then neglected to inform the hammer ... **Butch Crawley** nursing a sore, sore ankle ... Ditto **Bob Barber & Mike Kohut** ... Memo to **Tom Girdle**: Got it! You've probably noticed that 'Interview' was chopped. Uh-huh, the usual reason ... An anonymous soul offers a toast (minus the scotch, of course!) —Here's to the girl who is mine, all mine .. she drinks, she pets, she smokes cigarettes .. and sometimes, I'm told, she goes out and forgets .. that she's mine, all mine ...



THE VALUE OF THE PENAL PRESS

Within the cover of most magazines is written the excuse for their existence: "To bring the problems of inmates to the attention of society and to help bridge the gap between inmate and society". A noble motive, but I feel that it is falling far short of the mark. Having read numerous magazines from every corner of North America I fail to see what has been done to enlighten society much less bridge any gaps that may exist. I have yet to read anything that is devoid of ulterior motives to one degree or another. Prison publications for the most part are written and designed to influence or attempt to influence prison administration; failing this they feel justified to be looked upon as at least rebels by their fellow inmates.

I do not think that all is lost. Penal magazines have a definite obligation to the inmate population and I feel that if they were dedicated to this end a far superior magazine would result.

Admittedly the poor quality of prison magazines is not always the fault of the magazine staff. It is probably difficult all over, as well as here, to get good, original material. I do not think, however, that poor material should be used as a substitute. This brings to mind the time a certain mag had half a page to fill and nothing available to fill it with. The editor improvised and wrote a (excuse the term) poem. It went something like this:

"As I sit behind these iron bars,
I like to watch the twinkling stars."

Can you imagine half a page of this tripe? I am sure you will agree that if subscribers are subjected to this sort of thing they are hardly getting their monies worth.

Somewhere else in these same magazines is written the fact that the magazine is not necessarily the views of the administration, but only those of the writer. This of course receives numerous sneers by those who continually try to inject derogatory remarks about the administration. I have never found it necessary to belittle an official in print and if it could be done I doubt if it would be worthwhile. I think if penal magazine writers would stay aloof of this practice they would gain a little respect. Who for instance could care less whether a certain official is here

at ten o'clock at night and again at six in the morning, accomplishing absolutely nothing. This isn't even slightly important. I can think of many situations in the life of the average convict that would make more worthwhile reading.

The Kingston Telescope has failed to fall into these various pits in which the others so often find themselves. I think this same Telescope could be used as a prototype for the rest of us. Rarely do they have a publication that isn't one hundred per cent informative.

I have found instances where minority groups have unceasingly championed their cause. I have also found other groups discriminated against. Although I don't necessarily agree with those who say that we should accept certain individuals regardless of their crimes, I do feel that all types of crimes should be discussed from an impartial viewpoint.

I look forward to the day when the editors of penal magazines are the only ones responsible for the censorship of what is written. I feel strongly towards the idea that if a person is responsible enough to be the editor, then he should also be responsible enough to print only good quality material, himself being the sole authority on what is or is not good. I feel sure that this would work satisfactorily for all concerned, the writer, the administration, and most important the subscriber.

—David McLennan

The Whistler

Certainly the most nerve wracking, distressing, cruel, irritating, provoking, unbearable instrument of thoughtless injustice ever perpetrated on a group of human beings confined in a cell block is—THE WHISTLER.

The Whistler, whether his actions be voluntary or involuntary, is the epitome of man's inhumanity to man. The Whistler sits in comparative anonymity within his cell and conducts his toneless, torturous dirge with no thought or consideration for others, or for the comfort and destruction of peace of mind for which he alone is responsible.

Perhaps the Whistler is not conscious of his act. Perhaps he enjoys his most unmusical attempt at self-entertainment. Perhaps, too, he is "whistling in the dark" and gains courage in the process. Whatever the reason may be, the solution is not remedied by threats or condemnation, insults or violence, for the culprit cannot be detected with any degree of positive assurance.

In extreme circumstances the end justifies the means; therefore, could not one appeal to the finer side; to decency and fair play; to self discipline; to respect the Rights of others (?). In any event, if this brief article is responsible for even one Whistler to UNpucker and find other forms of self amusement, it will have served an important function in the lives of men confined.

—Gord Wick

THE FACE OF JUSTICE

The alarm clock rang shrilly, raising its voice raucously to the sleeping man. Judge Adams turned over in bed and angrily jammed the button down to shut it off. Sitting up in bed, he ran his fingers through his sparse hair.

"God! Another strenuous day to go through," he remarked. "Well, I feel sorry for whoever comes before me to-day if I don't feel any better."

At ten o'clock, he felt a little better but lines of weariness still etched themselves on his face. They did not improve his appearance for his face was a perpetual scowl. He grimaced as he thought of the inane argument with his wife at breakfast. It was the same old thing.

"If only you hadn't . . ."

Yes if only he hadn't been so strict she might still have been with us, he reflected. But what else could I do? She insisted on going out with that worthless boy. His father is a nobody. No daughter of mine is going to shame us by marrying beneath her station. So what if I did arrange it so that he would have to leave town? It isn't my fault that my daughter ran away after that. I gave her everything; a good home, nice clothes, the very best in the way of schooling. That's gratitude for you!

As he prepared to enter the courtroom, a disturbing thought came to him. "Maybe you are too strict" a tiny voice said. Remember that young lad that you sentenced to the penitentiary? Perhaps placing him on probation would have been better."

Nonsense! He thought angrily. I know what I did was right. He was incorrigible, a menace, and besides, I did him a favor. In the penitentiary he will have all the opportunities to better himself. He will learn a trade. Yes, I did him a favor.



The Judge had an answer for everything . . .

pat saito

Well . . . almost everything . . .

In a way we judges are like gods, he mused. We must do what is best for others. Think of all the lives we have straightened out. Some of these maudlin sob-sisters would turn all law-breakers loose. We make men of them.

He did somewhat feel like a god as he sat on his high seat and surveyed the assembled court below him. A god ready to dispense justice; to protect society from the evils of the world.

The first case on the docket was a young woman who had been arrested for prostitution. She stood in front of him with her head raised defiantly, asking no quarter and expecting none. This was her fifth appearance in court. She knew the judge well.

Frowning distastefully, he quickly dispensed with the case by fining her \$150. with the alternative of three months in jail.

The second case was similar in offense, but the woman was younger. She was actually a girl in her late teens. She was thin and poorly dressed. She raised her downcast eyes fearfully and then looked at the judge imploringly when he asked what she had to say for herself.

"Please your Honor. This is the first time I've done anything like this. I am sorry now. I didn't want to do it, but I was hungry and had no place to sleep."

"That is no excuse. You could have looked for work. Surely you could have done something else. Why aren't you at home? Where are your parents?" he asked sternly.

"I have no home," the girl whimpered tearfully. "My dad kicked me out."

"That is still no excuse. I have no sympathy for women of your kind - \$150 or three months in jail," he snapped.

While awaiting the next case, he wondered about these women that were cluttering up the city streets. They were evil, he reasoned. It was up to him to stamp them out. Still, that last girl did seem to be a good girl basically.

I wonder what sort of man her father is. Imagine a man driving his own flesh and blood out into the streets! What beasts some men must be, he thought. Perhaps her father should be the one on trial. He was the reason for her downfall.

His meditation was broken by the next case. Another girl to be tried for soliciting.

Oh no! He thought to himself, not another one. Well, I'll show this one.

He noticed indignantly that this girl was atrociously dressed in a short, tight skirt and a sweater that seemed several sizes too small. Her head was bowed so he could not see her face clearly, but what he saw of it made him curl his lip distastefully. For he could see that the girl's face was heavily made-up with splotches of rouge and heavy mascara.

By now he was tired and disgusted with these women of the streets. He felt a deep hatred when he thought of the type of fathers they must have. Fine fathers indeed! Why couldn't they raise their daughters as he had raised his? They needed a strict hand and rigid discipline. His daughter, wherever she was, could never turn out to be one of these creatures.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" he thundered angrily.

The girl slowly raised her head and then looked at the judge who had suddenly turned pale.

"Hello father," she whispered. □



BREAD & CIRCUSES

When warned of mounting dissension among the populace, Nero is reputed to have preserved the peace by telling his informants: "Give them bread and circuses."

To all intent and purposes this ancient squelch has found a practical application in penology.

During the current terms of some inmates, recreational activities (at least in this particular federal prison) have progressed from a whole lot of nothing to a whole little of everything.

While there is incomparably "more" opportunity for worthwhile activity the program (altho' no longer new) is still stumbling and groping its way along. This of course, is generally attributed to certain interested parties acting upon "old ideas," or more correctly — no ideas. New programs, as we are all aware, are the same as old programs if stuck with out-moded intentions.

At any rate, to kill that nasty old something called "time" while waiting for the revolution, we sent Christy Brown out with a small fortune in photo equipment (a \$4.00 box camera) and he "snapped into spring" with the accompanying results.

We call it...

(Eds.)



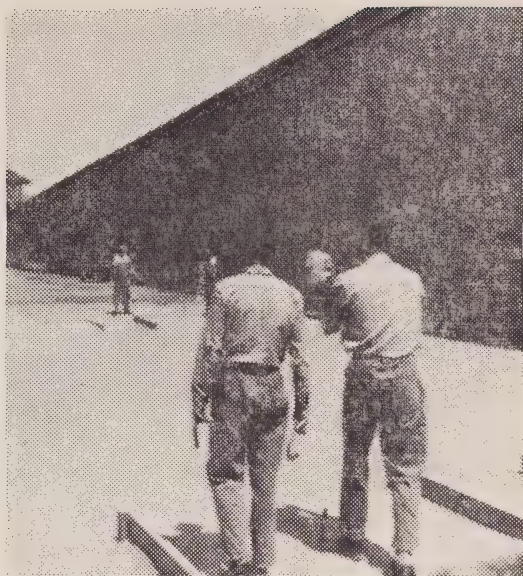
Diamond action ...



Muscles Inc. ...

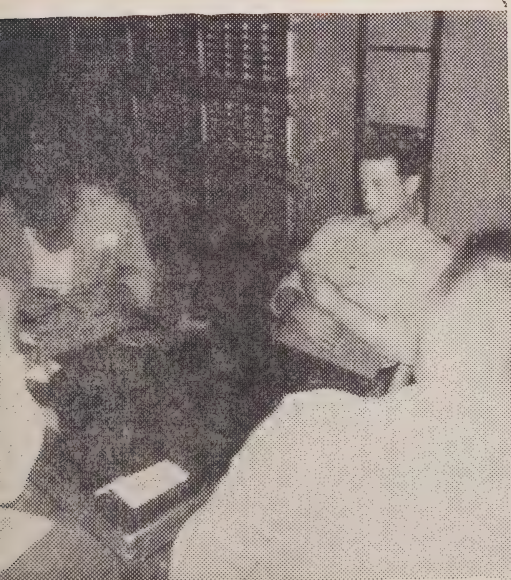


Armchair quarterbacks...



Action in the pits...

MY LIFE



"Four clubs!"



"When's Maverick?"

A young man looks back. . .

the GREEN YEARS

Spending five years in various reform schools leaves an impression that is hard to erase. I believe that most young people who, like myself, have graduated from them to provincial and finally federal prisons, should not be here, and would not be here if someone had taken them and filled an empty place in their lives. We were considered abnormal children, so they put us away to reform us.

Upon entering the reform school we are put into classrooms for half day periods to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic. Do we learn? Definitely not! The teachers are underpaid so they do not teach, and because we are problem children, in order to learn we must be taught by better than mediocre teachers. I would like to cite an example that is vivid in my memory. In grade eight our teacher read to us a number of books. "Kidnapped, Broken Arrow, King Arthur, The Black Tulip," and others in the same category. These were good books and we would stay quiet and orderly while the teacher read them to us, but when examination time came along, the highest mark in the classroom in

mathematics was fifty-seven per cent. This in some provinces is three per cent short of the passing mark. The other half of the day is spent in shops and in the maintenance of the reform school. A person can learn any number of trades, such as cooking (peeling potatoes,) sweeping, gardening, (pulling weeds,) tailoring (making shirts and blue denims,) printing, and shoe making. Most of the boys do not like their jobs, they do not take an interest and they do not learn. When they leave the reform school they are both uneducated and unskilled.

If a person spends enough time in reform school he will add another liability. He will become institutionalized. This is simply a state of mind where he is satisfied with three meals and a bed each day. He learns how to do the least amount of work without bringing down the wrath of the supervisors. Naturally this is learned by the trial and error system, and he may suffer the stick, strap, backhand, or the loss of privileges in the learning. This is when he learns to hate deeply. Everytime he is punished the hate grows. When he has to run a

by ed jenik



half mile track from five to twenty-five times in the middle of summer and he drops about the tenth time around, the hate can grow very deep. When he sees everyone else going to a movie on a Saturday afternoon and he has to stay and pull weeds, he learns to hate authority. Worst of all, when his best friend goes home he begins to feel loneliness because he does not know when he will be free again himself, he learns to pity himself. When for four hours a day he has to throw a ball or else get the stick, he learns how to evaluate sportsmanship. If the reform school is run by a religious order, and the church attendance is compulsory, not one but four days or more per week, he learns hypocrisy.

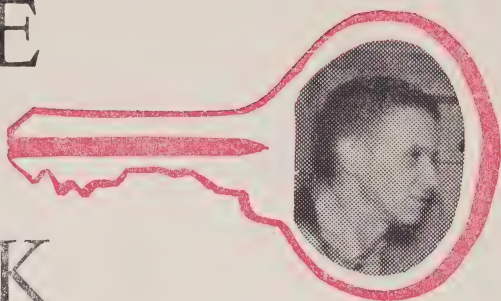
Reform schools in theory are necessary, but someone has forgotten the most important factor of all, that each person has to be treated as an individual, not according to a blueprint. When he is treated as a statistic he learns to rebel. Granted he had a few of these hates to start with, but they are not as deep within him as they are on the day that he leaves the school. Is it a wonder that he graduates to a higher form of

punishment?

By all means he will "grow up and be a man someday," and realize that he has to do something with himself before he buys a life sentence on the installment plan, but everytime he comes close, he has to face the fact that aside from crime, he is not even in competition with the seventeen year old "square John." Chances are some will begin to work so they can be useful both to themselves and to society, they will leave the life of captivity and learn to live free. The only question I wish to ask is what about the ten years or so that have been wasted, could they not too have been more productive if the reform school had not been in their lives? If you are a parent, and your child is "bad," why not give him the love and understanding that he needs. Accept him for what he is, and do not try to make him what YOU wanted to be yourself.

In closing, a point to ponder: Why is it that the so called criminal, in almost all cases, raises "good" children of their own? Could it be because they know the outcome if love and understanding is not given to their children? —

INSIDE TRACK



Dave McLennan

To bring a ray of light to otherwise destitute and barren lives, I dedicate this months column to the Unwed Mothers of America.

For those who have been led astray by the article in MacLeans Magazine of July 1st. written by Peter C. Newman, allow me to set you straight. What Mr. Newman has written about penal reforms is not as he has intimated, fact, but rather something to hope for in the future. The tense of this article should be future rather than present. We do not complain, in fact God Speed.

Throughout his article he suggested that penitentiaries were the only ones affected, yet in the same article he quoted a figure of 2500 paroles in 1960. I wonder if he means all of North America, or did he cleverly include provincial institutions to increase the figure that is closer to one fifth of what he says. Far be it for us to look a gift horse in the mouth, but then let's not lay it on too thick.

I understand that Adolph (the anesthetist) Eichman was recently made an honorary member of the Klu Klux Klan. The prominent segregationist, Orv. Faubus-ski, accepted the citation on his behalf. The inscription read: "Here is the noblest Nazi of them all."

I have tucked away in the recesses of my cell an article written in the London Observer entitled "Crime and Punishment in Russia."

Unfortunately my esteemed colleagues do not consider it suitable for publication; (Hambleton, Danton & Co., regard it as treason) however, I will quote a couple of passages.

- (1) All inmates are paid at standard rates prevailing in civilian factories. Deductions are made for room and board.
- (2) Before an inmate can be released, he must complete an apprenticeship in a recognized trade.
- (3) Inmates can receive their wives for seven days every three months; quarters are provided.

I wouldn't want to suggest that they have a more effective penal system, but it is interesting to note that their rate of recidivism is only two percent compared with eighty percent in Canada.

I think we've gone and hurt the feelings of those who are responsible for the Collins Bay Diamond. And to think that our editor took the Dale Carnegie course on How to Win Friends and Influence People. We haven't received a copy in months. Have your subscribers got hep to the swindle or possibly you are being sued by the Kingston Whig Standard for unfair competition?

To the Enchanted News, and the Harbinger for their reprints and mentions, a modest thanks. You obviously have discriminating taste.

Although Xmas is still a ways off, speculation, (regarding non-conditional releases for those whose sentences expire in January) is running high. The majority feel that the "New Deal" is probably tempered with the milk 'o human kindness, thus allowing a few to be with their families for the festive season.

The writer of Penal Exchanges at the B.C. Pen, (Transition) certainly wields a caustic pen. I fear he may have strained diplomatic relations with the U.S. Immediately the Transition is released, J.F. Kennedy triples his armed forces. But for the passing of Joe McCarthy you would undoubtedly be investigated.

Once again the sport of Kings has taken its toll. 'Heavy hangs the head that wears the crown'

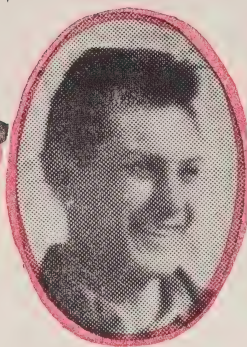
A bouquet to Christian Dior, designer of the daring hem-line and the plunging neck. Who said "the twain shall never meet." (Incidentally Bobby sends his love to Shirley.)

To those interested, Al Lowe is now a guest of T.C. Douglas. As he so aptly put it, "enjoying C.C.F. hospitality." R.G.T. wants to know if the Commonwealth Federation is really co-operative.

Ron (Moose) Miller is radiating since being the recipient of numerous dedications on the Jerry Bright Show. Somebody must (ugh) love the boy.

Seeing as the Brown Derby has closed its doors, I now commit a public service and relay greetings to these citizens at P.A.—Hunky Mike, Mousie, and Bill Kirk, from Joe Houle. To; Morris Leduc, Jack Cruickshank, from John McGee, Joe Houle, and Baxter Hughes.

SPORTS



— with Joe Hayden

By winning 13-9 in the fifth and deciding game against the highly favoured Bears in the B series of the semi-finals, the S.M.B.C. became the Cinderella team of the play-offs. Nobody, including this writer gave them even an outside chance of survival as the Bears had beaten them three out of four games in league competition. However sheer determination and superior play on their part proved too strong a combination for the frustrated Bears.

A series went as expected when the pennant winning Raiders eliminated the lowly Cubs in four games. Enthusiastic fans are now looking forward to a tough and exciting series between the Raiders and the rejuvenated S.M.B.C. This series is a best of seven affair.

RAIDERS TAKE OPENER 4-1

Behind the stout pitching of Pack-Sack who limited the visiting S.M.B.C. to just four hits, the Raiders rolled to a 4-1 win. While the Raiders collected only five hits, they took full advantage of every one of them. Second baseman Camille Lombaert of the Raiders led the way at the plate as he banged out a double and a single, to be the only player on either team to collect more than one hit. His single, a two run shot in the second inning broke a 1-1 tie and provided the winning margin for his team.

RAIDERS TAKE TWO GAME LEAD WITH 3-2 WIN

L. Good making his first appearance on the mound for S.M.B.C., took a one run lead into the eighth inning as he held the Raiders hitless through seven complete innings, only to see the roof fall in on him and his team-mates. Three consecutive singles by Roulette, Pack-Sack and Lombaert loaded the bases with none away when Huppe hit a sacrifice fly to knot the score. McGee forced Lombaert at second base, Hayden then blasted a two run triple to give his team a two run lead. Good then closed the door on the Raiders as he retired the last four men in order. His mates tried vainly to get back in the game but could only muster one run in the ninth inning on a walk, a bunt single and a throwing error by the Raider first baseman.

S.M.B.C. KEEP HOPES ALIVE WITH 9-4 VICTORY

Despite being outhit 11 to 3, S.M.B.C. took advantage of twelve walks and five errors to chalk up a 9-4 victory. The complacent Raiders now realize that in order to win the finals they will have to pull up their sox and play the brand of ball they are capable of.

RAIDERS TAKE FIFTH GAME 11-1

Behind a nifty two hit performance by their pitcher, the Raiders pounded S.M.B.C. pitching for 13 hits to score 11 runs, to take a one game lead in the series.

S.M.B.C. FORCE SEVENTH GAME BY WINNING 7-2

A determined S.M.B.C. squad outhit their opponents 9 to 7 for a 7-2 victory as they came up with their finest performance of the season. Lionel Good went all the way to chalk up his second victory for S.M.B.C.

S.M.B.C. COP. TITLE

Two miscues by the Raiders enabled S.M.B.C. to score three unearned runs in a game cut to seven innings because of darkness. Pack-Sack pitched a fine one hitter for the Raiders. The winning pitcher was L. Good who claimed his third series victory.

I wish to thank the officials for a fine job, and in particular head umpire Bill Miexner, who stood by his decisions, even to the point of opposing the Recreation Officer and his assistant who suddenly took an interest in the series. If they show as much interest in future sports then we may see an improvement in our rather tired program.



ALL-STARS



On August 11th. approximately 200 fans invaded old Stony Mountain. They came to see a ball game between the City All-Star team and the Giants. For most of them it was their first look at cons in action. What they expected I have no idea, however I doubt very much that they expected the sight that met their eyes.

Grown men cowered like a bunch of shy children on their first performance. To put it bluntly, the fans scared the Giants stiff. It seems to me that if anyone should have been a little edgy, it should have been the fans and not the Giants, especially in the confines of their own ball park.

For the most part the Giants had two left feet and five thumbs on either hand. By the time they settled down and started to play ball it was too late to avoid a loss. The game being cut to seven innings certainly was no help as the Giants looked like they just might come back.

A mis-judged fly ball in the first inning gave the visitors a two run lead. They added a run to this in the second on an error. The Giants scored their lone run in the third frame on a walk and a hit. Two errors followed by two hits gave the visitors three more runs in the fourth inning. A walk and two errors saw the visitors score their sixth and final run in the fifth inning.

My sincere thanks goes out to those who took the time to come and watch the game. I think you were wonderful fans, and I am truly sorry that our Giants didn't provide you with a better brand of fastball. They are certainly capable of a higher standard than they exhibited to you on that fateful evening.

Football exploded into prominence early this year. And at this writing, the four clubs which comprise the Concrete Conference have already had a taste of action. Exhibition football, admittedly, but a rock 'em-sock 'em brand of football nevertheless.

It's a bit early to evaluate the strength of the individual teams, but indications point to another close race in the battle for pigskin supremacy with the slight edge (if any) going to Dale Leibrecht's Colts and/or Magoo Wercimaga's Rebels; both clubs boast an unbeaten skien.

Following are the individual rosters of the four clubs:

Colts: Leibrecht coach; Boily, Desrosier, Sinden (capt.) Fika, Gilhooley, Ferguson Cadotte, Hackenschmidt, T. Proulx, Mitchell, Copps, Gosselin, Kohnke, Kohut and D. McDonald.

Rams: Stewart coach; Whitely, A. Proulx, McGee, B. McDonald, Ducharme, Oster, Windsor, Roski (capt.) McManus, Hales, Perry, Ibey, R. Klyne, Hutchinson and Boyd.

Longhorns: Monty coach; Cummings, Fowler, Ramsey, Huppe, Lavallee, Deloli, Vandel,

Sawchuk, Huard, Keachie, Marrese, (capt.)

Dunstan, Pollock, Martin, G. Klyne,

Cameron and Luxton. Rebels:

Wercimaga coach; Hayden (capt.)

Balharrey, Lombaert, Miller, Wannop, Knobby,

Danton, Doomernick, Morin, Lyons, Roulette,

Kegal, Severight, Knight, Flett and Rivers.

GRID GAMBITS: Ron (Varone) Miller, a guy who shucked his Bomber jersey this year to don a Rebel sweater, looks as if he's going all out this season to justify those press clippings. So far, he's doing a bang-up job of it. . . While Lakehead cohort, Barry Gilhooley, looks like a lead pipe cinch to cop the "best lineman" award. . . If early games are any indication, Phil Boily should be the cream of the defensive corps on the Dale Leibrecht-managed Colt squad. . . Joe Hayden, who is undoubtedly the best all-around athlete in the place and the key pivot for Henry Wercimaga's Rebel crew, is still threading the needle on those long touchdown passes. . . Top scorer in exhibition tilts turned out to be Rocky Danton—picked up an even 25 points. . . Al Cummings, the league's top pivot last year, is being hampered this season by a sore wing. . . Les Sinden is showing fans a good pair of hands. . . Ditto Camille Lombaert, John McGee & Cadotte. . . Speedster Jackie Fowler looks like he's going to be the league's trickiest runner. . . Armand Proulx rates the runner-up mention. . . Pete Roski, displaying a whole lot of savvy at the quarterback slot. . . Ditto Vince Marrese. . . Butch Crawley, despite a bad leg, is gamely pitching in on those thankless refereeing chores. . . Bob Barber seems to be ruling the league with an iron hand—but, he's doing it honestly. . . When it comes to harassing opposing pivots, Ken Ducharme is in a class by himself. This guy just won't quit. . . Ray (China Slipper) Ramsey, serving notice that he's as good a footballer as his retired uncle—Normie Kwong. . .

The Armchair Quarterback

with

FOCUS ON FOOTBALL



Off . . .

by J. Wannop

We have just completed a full season of baseball, and I wish to thank the players, Managers, Statisticians, and Umpires for their participation in it.

I wish I could say that it has been a successful venture, but, it has not. Herein I will place the blame where it is due, just as I will give praise where it is due. I feel that I should take some of the blame for my ineptness and lack of knowledge of the sport. True, I did not ask for the job, but took it with my eyes open, and knowing my own shortcomings, I also feel that you, the participants of the game should take some of the blame. Some of you have, due to my lack of knowledge, performed some unorthodox deals, and when they were found out, I, not the perpetrators, received the blast; and when I asked the guilty parties to rectify these deals, they laughed at me and told me that anytime they could put something over on the commissioner, it was all right. When I censured them and told them to rectify it or be liable to suspension, they became highly indignant and threatened to quit base ball.

Throughout the season, some players have helped me with regards to interpretation of the rules, and I thank them for this help. However, when the knowledge they supplied me with went against them, they blew up. Is this sportsmanship?

Sportsmanship. According to the dictionary the meaning of this word is:

"Conduct becoming a sportsman involving honest rivalry, and graceful acceptance of results."

The above, I am sorry to say, cannot be applied but to a few of the participants that I have seen on our ball fields. This applies in all three leagues.

This season has been riddled throughout with petty bickerings and earnest backstabbing. From the beginning, as I have found from my predecessors, plus my own observations, that the average inmate when he steps onto the ball field turns from a likeable person, into a foul mouthed, ill tempered, irrational individual, totally devoid of sportsmanship-like qualities. While it is true that the players acted cordially and manly when an outside team came in; some of the inmate games were pure murder.

I do not wish the reader to think that each game was a battle; many times we had excellent games, but there were some games, if, we had crying towels handy they could not have been dried out in a month of Sundays.

I wish here to give a vote of thanks to the Umpires who officiated at the games and took so much abuse. I know how they felt and I sympathize with them. The main ones were Meixner, Steeves, Chris Brown, Ronald Miller, Hambleton, and McCran. I thank them for enduring most of the season and assisting me. It was greatly appreciated.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

continued from page 7

"Let there be equal judgement among you, whether he be a stranger or a native that offends: because I am the Lord your God." (Leviticus 24:22)

"Thus said the Lord of hosts, saying: Judge ye true judgement, and show ye mercy and compassion every man to his brother." (Zacharias 7:9, Matt. 23:23)

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt: 25:40)

By the virtue of the preamble to the Bill of Rights, which acknowledges the supremacy of God, it then becomes obvious that the general practice of imposing vengeful sentences is contrary to the laws of God, and cannot be justified by any form of rationalization.

Part 1, Section 1 of this Bill declares: "It is hereby recognized and declared that in Canada there have existed and shall continue to exist without discrimination by reason of race, national origin, colour, religion or sex, the following human rights and fundamental freedoms, namely:

(a) the right of the individual to life, liberty, security of the person and enjoyment of property, and the right not to be deprived thereof except by due process of the law;

(b) the right of the individual to equality before the law and the protection of the law.

By virtue of subsection (b), I submit that this Bill does not only provide the right for an accused person to the right of a fair trial before an impartial court to be tried by his peers—his equals, but it appears, must also provide that an accused person when found guilty, has

the right to not be subjected to more than an equal punishment which is usually imposed for a similar offence.

In support of the above I wish to refer to a decision by the Manitoba Court of Appeals on or about April 21st 1958, in the matter of "The Queen versus J.K. & L.J." In reducing the sentence of both these men the Chief Justice, J.E. Adamson said, "There is a duty, not only of this court but all courts in the province, to do whatever possible to bring about uniformity and equalization of sentence for crimes of the same or similar gravity."

Again on or about June 18, 1959, in the matter of "The Queen versus F.T. C." in the Manitoba Court of Appeals, in reducing this sentence, Chief Justice J.E. Adamson said, "The uniformity of sentences is desirable."

A panel of forty-one Judges of the U.S. courts, headed by Chief Justice B.J. Laws of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, who has been associated since April 1953, with the Advisory Council of Judges of the National Probation and Parole Association unanimously agreed that: "One of the gravest injustices in punishment of criminals is capricious sentencing, which gives one man probation, another ten years for the same crime."

I submit then that the practice and procedure by the Habitual Criminal Act is a violation of an accused person's right to equality before the law, and protection of the law against double jeopardy and discrimination. And to be deprived of this right to equality before the law is also a violation of the right to due process of the law.

With reference to the violation of an accused's rights, I wish to refer to the matter of "The Queen versus K.S.", on or about March 22, 1958, in Regina,

Sask., where Chief Justice E.M. Hall, of the court of Queen's Bench, quashed a conviction by Magistrate E.Z. Anderson, where the accused's rights were violated. In quashing this conviction, Justice Hall said, "Interference with that right by the court such as was done in this case by Magistrate Anderson is an interference with the accused's constitutional right to make a full answer and defence that "vitiates" the whole proceedings. (Justice Hall has now been elevated to Chief Justice of the Saskatchewan Court of Appeals.)

Then on the basis of the learned Judges decision, I submit that the charge and process under the Habitual Act lowers the dignity of the court and pollutes the whole proceedings.

In subsection (e) of the Bill of Rights appears "Freedom of assembly and association."

In reference to this freedom of association, I wish to point out that on the three previous convictions referred to in subsection (a) of section 660, an accused person during his confinement is subjected, as a result of his imprisonment, to mingle and associate with the same thieves, robbers and drug addicts which are named in evidence as proof that the man is leading persistently a criminal life. Association with these same people on post-release becomes a factor in the evidence to convict a Habitual Criminal. By these very actions, it becomes obvious that the courts are admitting that prisons do not reform, because they are declaring that an ex-inmate is an unfit person to associate with after his release. I submit that this then appears to be an infringement on the right to freedom of assembly and association.

Section 2 of Part 1. of this Bill declares that: "Every law of Canada shall, unless it is expressly declared by an Act

of the Parliament of Canada that it shall operate notwithstanding the Canadian Bill of Rights, be so construed and applied as not to abrogate, abridge or infringe or to authorize the abrogation or abridgement of any of the rights and freedoms herein recognized and declared, and in particular, no law of Canada shall be construed or applied so as to:

(a) authorize or effect the arbitrary detention, imprisonment or exile of any person.

Should the police be inclined to proceed through the Crown Attorney by way of an application to the Attorney-General, for leave to apply the charge, it becomes an arbitrary matter with the Attorney-General as to whether or not that leave is granted. Should the leave be granted, and the process consummated in the form of a trial, where it is a foregone conclusion that the accused will be found guilty as a Habitual Criminal, it then becomes an arbitrary matter with the judge as to whether or not he is inclined to exercise his prerogative and sentence the accused to an indefinite sentence; or whether he is inclined to exercise mercy, charity and justice, and his prerogative to refuse to impose an indefinite sentence.

I submit then that this whole process involved under the Habitual Act appears to constitute arbitrary imprisonment, and therefore is an infringement of the accused's right against arbitrary imprisonment and freedom from fear of such imprisonment.

Subsection (b) of section (2) provides: "No law of Canada shall be construed or applied so as to (b) impose or authorize the imposition of cruel and unusual treatment or punishment."

The emotional strain on a person by even a short sentence of imprisonment

surance that he will ever be released.

I submit that it is cruel to impose a sentence on anyone which can constitute a life sentence for offences which that man has already paid for in the past.

I will again refer to the preamble and the acknowledgement of the supremacy of God, His law says: "Then came Peter unto Him and said: Lord how often shall my brother offend against me, and I Forgive?" Jesus said to him: "I say not to thee, till seven times; but till seventy times seven." (Matt. 18:21, 22)

By this there appears no evidence of justification by society to exercise further retribution on evidence that the man has previously paid his debt to society. To do so, appears to be evidence of apathy, lethargy, and confusion by the judiciary.

I submit that no logical thinking person would consider it justice if after he had bought a car or a house and paying for it, the very fact that he had paid for it was used as evidence against him to compell him to pay for it again.

Nevertheless, this is exactly what is exercised in the name of justice by the Habitual Act. And by so doing, it is violating the principles of the natural law and flouting the elementary standards of justice.

Subsection (f) of section 2 provides;

I submit that no one is better qualified or acquainted with the stress, strain and the horrors of war, than the men who fought in the front lines. Similarly, no one is better acquainted or qualified with the effects of an indefinite sentence than the men who have received and are serving same. And it is on their behalf I speak and say that it is cruel and inhuman to subject anyone to the mental anguish, suspense and anxiety that is associated with an indefinite sentence. Contrary to all lip service and publicity about parole, the man sentenced as an Habitual Criminal has no concrete as-

E eighteen years of dejection
P eighteen years of strife
I entombed in a dreary dungeon
L bereft of the gifts of life
O steeped in perpetual misery
G bludgeoned by grim remorse
U 'til sapped of the words God-given
E heeding now the Devil's discourse

— *Danton*

"No law of Canada shall be construed or applied so as to (f) deprive a person charged with a criminal offence of the right to be presumed innocent until proven guilty according to law in a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, or of the right to reasonable bail without just cause."

By the letter and purpose of the Habitual Act, there is a presumption of guilt in the mention in evidence of the three previous convictions in the charge as laid against the accused, even before there is a trial. On this assumption then it is a foregone conclusion that the accused is guilty without a trial—the trial being only a matter of formality. The onus then rests on the accused to prove himself innocent, which is contrary to the spirit and letter of the Bill of Rights.

In conclusion, I wish to say that every sane person knows and realizes that we must have law and order of

some kind or this country would not be safe for anyone to live in. But it must also be required that when justice is administered, it must be obvious to all that justice is being administered equally, unbiased and unprejudiced.

Justice is not the imposition of some sadistic vengeance, but true justice is the doing what is fair, equal and right to all parties concerned.

It is basic, that all resources of the law have a duty of saving individual rights from invasion and abuse, as they have that other duty of preventing crime and seeking out the guilty.

The judges of the country are duty bound to protect the rights of the individual; even those upon whom they impose a penalty, for they must not only see that justice is done, but they are duty bound to do justice without fear, favor or affection.





Variety Show described "Best Yet!"

He was whistled for, yelled for, more more'd for and screamed for. And he responded with literally "everything." Western, jazz — even flamingo.

And in each number, he stopped us dead.

In case you're wondering who I'm talking about, it's sensational young Lennie Breau, a guitar player who, with others, came out to entertain us on Aug. 6th.

Breau was fabulous.

When young Breau wasn't plucking on his guitar, the audience were tearing the house down with applause.

And remember, the audience were convicts, and any entertainer who thinks a convict audience is easy to please should try coming out here sometime to take a crack at it.

Believe me, it's rough.

Lennie Breau is only 20 years of age and already plays the guitar as if he had been at it for 30 years. Bob Jackson, the bass player for the group had this to say about him.

"He's a wild man! Mad and wild. He practices 8 to 10 hours a day as if his life depended upon it. This is nothing yet, give him another few years and he'll be at the top of the heap."

Christy Brown summed it up perfectly when he said:

"That boy ain't no guitar player. He's an artist."

Arlene & Berks Baker were also here. And as usual they just about ripped the joint apart. Arlene is the subtle one but Berks's antics are completely un-inhibited. I've seen this couple many times and I always enjoy them. I was going to comment on Arlene getting nicer looking each time out, but I'm afraid "Bonnie" was the beauty on Sunday.

Roy Petty? You bet he was here. Mr. Class himself. Pure unadulterated class. I heard him sing about two years ago (when I was out.) I can't say that I particularly liked him then, but then and now are two different things. He's changed his style completely; from a soft ballad man who seemed shy when appearing, to a belter who just oozes with confidence. He sang jazz, folk songs, sort of a semi-classical and pop. This boy swings. You can catch him at Chan's Moon Room anytime he's in town. Jack Britton will make sure you're well taken care of. He's the bossman up there.

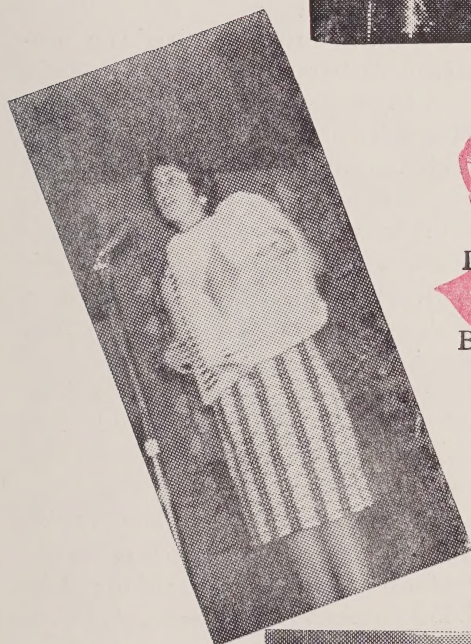
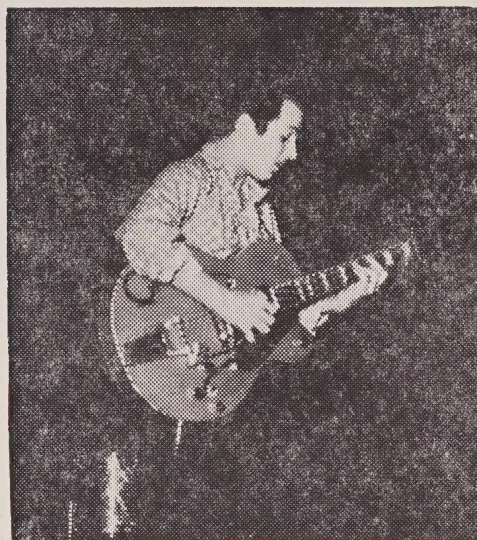
There once was a trumpet player. Summertime is what he blew. Harold Olsen was his name. I gloated over you.

Berni Garrison sang one song that I really enjoyed. I think it was called "No One." I wanted to interview her but things got moving so fast I didn't get a chance to. Maybe next time.

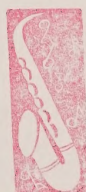
Bernie Shaw Sextet used Melody in Fugue for their theme. Dave Shaw and Harold Olsen (my boy) swung "Perdido" real nice. I wish you guys would have played a little more.

This was undoubtedly the best concert that we have had in here. I don't say this because it's the thing to say, but because I mean it.

Come again — SOON!



Lennie Breau
Berni Garrison
Roy Petty



Bernie Shaw Sextet

THE EDITOR REMARKS

The Mountain Echoes, upon marking its eleventh anniversary, begins a program designed to make the magazine not only more attractive, but one that will give it a wider all-round appeal—interest wise. In short a magazine that will attract both the interest and the eye of our many subscribers. To achieve this it has been necessary to convert the Echoes into a bi-monthly publication.

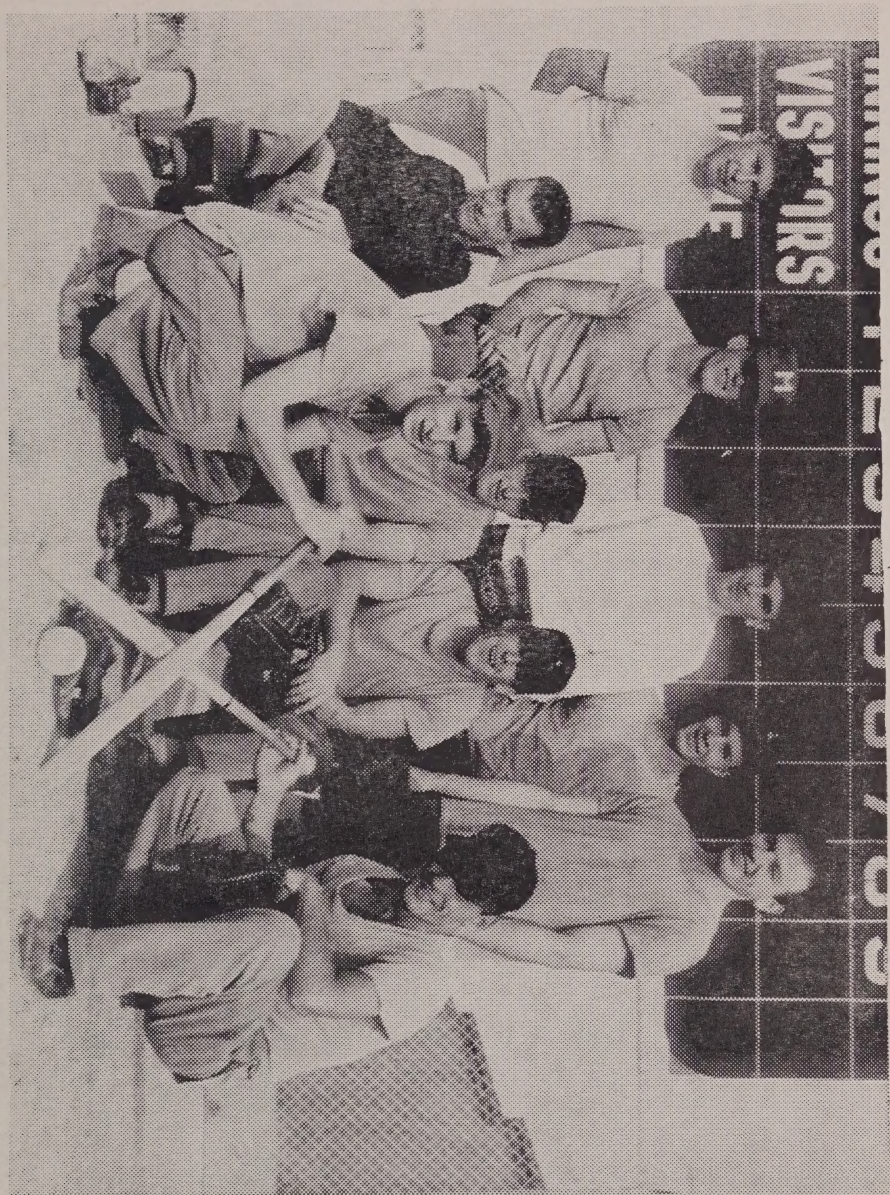
With this change-over we have been able to give more time and attention to the layout and format of the magazine. With more pages we can give you more news and take more time in selecting the material we print. And to give due credit to the person responsible for this improvement, we turn to a man who has been with us for some time but who just lately took over the job of Associate Editor. The man is Ralph Danton, pressman, artist, writer, etc.

As can be seen by the cover, "Rocky" has a lot of talent as an artist. This whole issue is the result of his planning. The many illustrations were cut from linoleum by him as were most of the headings. We feel certain that no one is going to pick up this issue and say, "just another penal rag."

Joe Hayden (easily the hardest worker in the shop) also deserves a lot of credit, as does Christy Brown—our typesetters. Neither found it easy to start setting double column. They had to have a lot of patience to overcome some of the problems that came their way and as Joe headed down to see the eye-specialist, I wondered if it was because of this.

There have been many times in the past when help was badly needed by the Echoes if they wanted to keep on publishing. The many outside supporters that came to our aid will never be forgotten. Take for instance Mr. Ross Munro. Mr. Munro is publisher of the Winnipeg Tribune and a very busy man. But through his kindness we have been able to have our photos processed without cost to us. Without his assistance we could not do this as our allowance is too small. With Father Bedford working as liason between Mr. Munro and ourselves we are on our way to success. To these two men we owe a great debt of gratitude that words alone cannot express. To all of you, our supporters and our subscribers, we say "THANK YOU."

Don Hambleton



PENNANT WINNING RAIDERS

(l to r) Top row: J. Roulette, M. Pacey, J. Huppe and H. Lavallee. Second row: J. McGee, T. Umphrey, G. Mitchell and Pack-Sack. Holding the bats: C. Lombaert and J. Hayden.

